has many ? Pleasant acquaintances—yes, one has plenty of those, that, like the sweet buds of spring, enchant, enliven and attract you, and then, with the first puff of adversity and frost of misfortune, drop off and fade before you. How few can boast of possessing the steady, hardy evergreens that stick by you through winter and share the storm of ill fortune!

I am not one of those who think ill of human nature. *I* have lost friends, some, perhaps, by my own fault and want of punctuality; but others have started up most unaccountably to replace them. One must never be in a hurry to take umbrage and look upon friends as ungrateful, treacherous or inconstant. Give them time, they may come round—if they do not, let them go !

If you feel the want of my society, think how I must feel the want of yours. Nothing interests me, nothing but thoughts of distant home occupies my mind! I shall soon be like what we read of the Indians and Africans, that think when they die they shall be transported back to their native groves. I wish I could think so.

Adieu 1 God bless you all!